WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Art of Conversation as Exemptided by Noted Women of All Countries - Lady

Randolph Churchill. A Cincinnati Beauty Buys Her Trousseau from a Discarded Suiter-Pretty Eaglish Girls-How she Trents.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION In the art of conversation, If not the queen and victor, is the law-giver, says Ralph Waldo Emerson in of his essays. If everyone recall ed his experience, he might find the best of the speech of superior women -which was better than song, and carried ingenuity, character, wise counsel, and affection as easily as the wit with which it was adorned. They are not only wise themselves, but they make us No one can be a master in conversation who has not learned much from women; their presence and in spiration are essential to its success. steele said of his mistress that "to have loved her was a liberal education. Shenstone gave no bad account of this influence in his description of the French women: "There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with her—it is the power of intel-lectual irritation. She can draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric." Coleridge estcenis cultivated women as the depositaries and guardians of "English undeflied;" and Lather componeds that accomplish-ment of "pure German" speech of his wife. Mme. de Stack, by the unanimous consent of all who knew her, was the most extraordinary conversor that was known in her time, and it was a time full of emment men and women; knew all distinguished persons in let-ters or society in England, Germany. and Italy as well as in France, though she said with characteristic nationality, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France." Mme. de Stael values nothing but conversation. When they showed her the beautiful Lake Leman she exclaimed: "O, for the gutter of the Rue de Bac!"—the street in Paris in which her house stood. And she said one day seriously to M. Mole: "if ions I would not open my window to whilst I would go five hundred learner had not seen." St. lieuve tells us of the privileged circle of Coppet, that, after making an excursion one day, the party returned in two coaches from Chamberry to Aix on the way to Cop-pet. The last coach had many rueful accidents to relate - a terrible thunder storm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach, on arriving.

heard this story with surprise; of thun-der-storms, of steeps, of mud, of dan-

ger, they knew nothing; no, they had forgotten earth and breathed a purer

air; such a conversation between Mme. de Stael and Mme. Recamier and Ben-

jamin Constant and Schlegel; they were all in a state of delight. The intoxica-

tion of the conversation had made them

insensible to any notice of weather or rough roads. Mme. de Tesse said: 'li

I were queen I should command Mme.

de Stael to talk to me every day." Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all

deficiencies. Wint a good trust is that recorded of Muse, de Maintenen, that,

during dinner, the servant shaped to her side: "Please, madame, one anec-dote more, for there is no roast to-

A few years ago Miss Jennie Jerome, the second daughter of Leonard Jerume, attended a swell dinner party in Paris. Among the distinguished guests was Lord Randolph Cantchill. His atten-tion was attracted to her by her hearty and the fluence and bridgings with which she carried on conversation in French. He addressed her, and spot the lord confined his conversation to her. Those who sat near from stop-ped talking, and discord to them with undisguised admiration. Miss Jerome was noted for her conversational powers, but they had never seemed to her friends as brilliant as on this occase a. Lord Randolph proved a match for her Her satire was met with sparking re-partee; her wit and humor for once found fair exchange. When the ladies had withdrawn Lord Randolph turned to a friend and said, entinesinstically: "That's the brightest woman I ever met," and added, with the seriousness of a fatalist: "I mean to murry ber." Singularly enough while he was saying this. Miss Jerome was making almost the identical remark converning him to her sister. Perhaps that evening she played her favorite Chopin nocturne more tenderly and woningly than ever. At all events, Lord Randolph was no slow in discovering that he had made as deep impression upon her as she had on him. Within a fortnight of their first meeting they were engaged and very soon afterward married. By his union with Miss Jerome Lord Randolph secured a wife whose tiery ambitious temperament has spurred him on in his political career and whose income is sufficient to form a welcome addition to his small annuity, for, being a younger son, he is not rolling in wealth, nor is his elder brother, the duke of Marlborough, generously inclined toward bim. Indeed, it is well known that the two brothers Ifate each other cordially

A HEARTLESS PAIR ONE.

Let me tell you one thing about shopping, dear reader. There was a clerk behind the counter in the white goods department of a dry goods store. ad the air of a foreign nobleman, with a bewitching admixture of the Ameri-can dude. The very sight of him was enough to conjure up a halo of ro-mance around his darling, curly little head. In front of that same counter, seated placidly on a stool, was a distinguishedly fashionable young woman. She was making a selection of under elothing; and anybody familiar with the beauty, intricacy, and cost of the garments now worn by out-and-out swell belles can understand when I say that she seemed to be buying everything that struck her fancy, that she was indeed purchasing liberally. But it wasn't possible, I thought, that a visibly growing emotion on the part of the pretty clerk was due to the magnitude of the sales. No; nothing directly connected with mere trade could have ac stirred the depths of his delicate soul. He got worse and worse. His hand quivered, his eyes filled with tears, his replies to her casual questions grew more incoherent, and linally, with sigh that almost rent his moderate bulk, and a grip of his infinite-simal forehead between his trembling palms, he dashed out of the room.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with the fellow?" I inquired of the superintendent of the depart-ment after he had detailed another clerk to attend to the fair customer.

"On the positive quiet," he replied, "I don't mind telling you. The young man is a rejected suitor of the lady. She is going to be married to another.

She is purchasing a bridal outnt. 10 take an active share in the making up of her trousseau was more than he could stand. See?"—Cincinnati En-

PRETTY ENGLISH GIRLS.

One gets, I fancy, a fair view of the upper if not the top grade of London society in the picture galleries, where crowds are found daily, writes a correspondent of the Boston Transcript. And here one notes two things in par-ticular—the soft, blooming beauty of the young English girl's complexion and her lack of taste in the matter of dress. A girl of the middle class was at the theater last night, and perhaps I can cite her as an extreme illustration of the incongruous manner in which many of her sisters-many of higher station, too-dress. Let it be under stood, then, that the theremometer marked 62 degrees and that the even-ing was pleasant. Unlike the average girl that one meets, she was a brunette with an olive complexion, big brown eyes, and hair cut short -altogether pretty, well-shaped face and head. She

wore a straight-brimmed, squarecrowned, white straw hat, with a white, ribbed silk band around it, and with s cluster of wild flowers at the front; a long sealskin sacque; loose, liste-thread gloves of a dark terra-cotta color, and a gown of some light, thin figured stuff. Altogether it was the most incongruous costume, the most absurd blending of midsummer and midwinter that I have ever seen. But she seemed utterly unconscious of the bad taste of this unique combination. I shall look for her six weeks hence and see if she still clings to her sealskin sacque.

HOW SHE TREATS.

When men go together they generally shake for the cost of the dinner. Girls generally pay their shares. But I like to watch the conscious superiority, the bland importance a girl puts on when she is going to pay the chees for the feast. The affectionate attention she receives from the others is a simple and efficient guide to the purse of the party. If you have any doubt of it watch the ostentations way in which the payer takes out her purse, takes up the check and examines it, or asks the waiter how much it is. Water how they all wait upon the one who pays. They show her a deference that is un mistakable, give place to her as they approach the counter, and trot out gig gling and laughing, the guests holding on most devotedly to the arms of the treater. It's lovely. But, dear creat-ures they are chuck full of human nature, and that's what's the trouble with us all .- San Francisco Chronicle,

## Anecdotes of the Harpers. A pleasant paragraph is affoat about

sort. When Harper's Mouthly was first

riginal Harpers, of Harper Broth-We know of others of the same

established, a magazine writer (still living, but now out of practice and out of fashion) wrote for Godey's Magazine, under a pen-name, a sketch which was reprinted in an English periodical. It was "acclimatized" by the change of dollars into pounds and quarters into shillings. Chestnut street became the Strand, etc., that the British publisher might boldly say: "It's English, you know." Harper's, at that date, did not hesitate to appropriate English matter, making no exclusive pretensions to originality. The English version was reprinted in Harper's. Forthwith Mr. Godey, in his humorous way, assailed Harper, by mail with letter and copy of his magazine containing the sketch, which was called "My Brother Tom." And the author in perwho knew the Harpers walked in upon them to have his little. oke. He stated the case, and James, who gave audience to all coners, patiently heard him through, and gravely answered: "Well, if you don't want your matter 'appropriated' you must timer it have in that he did so. On another occasion the author of "My Brother Tom", who has the privilege of the prefix of "reverend" to his name, found the "reverend" to his name, found the pleasant old gentleman. James Harper, in a pleasant mood. (it is said, but we don't beliese it, that the usual answer to applicants for mission money that sort of thing was that "the Harper Brother who attended to that part of the business was out." The author of "My Brother Tom" never was so answered, for he never made such an application.) As Brother James Harper felt that it was in this case a safe surject he made of his own motion a pretty long speech on the privations of ministers of the gospei. But he wound up with the consoling reflection: "Ah, well; they have a rich Father to fall His are the cattle on a thou-is. Brother Harper closed back on. his eyes with satisfaction at his apt scripture quotation. But be opened his eyes with astonishment and his mouth with laughter when his visitor retorted: "True enough. ase are the cattle to us if we don't milk them?"-I hand Iphia Ledger.

## Bill Nye and the "Punist."

While sitting on one of the many seats which may be found on the Com-mon one morning I formed the acquaintance of a pale young man, who asked me if I resided in Boston. I told him that, while I felt flattered to think that I could possibly fool any one, I must admit that I was only a pilgrim and a stranger. He said he was an old resident, and he had often noticed that the people of the Hub always Felloe till be was Tired. afterward learned that he was not an actual resident of Boston, but had just completed his Junior year at the State Asylum for the Insane. He was sent there, it seems, as a confirmed case of unjustifiable Punist. Therefore, the Governor had Punist him accordingly. This is a specimen of our patent car talized joke with Queen Anne dofunny on the corners. We are shipping a great many of them to England this season, where they are greedily snap-ped up and devoured by the crowned heads. It is a good hot weather the It is a good hot weather joke devoid of devoid of mental strain, perfectly simple, and may be laughed at or no without giving the slightest offense. Boston Globe.

## So Near and Yet So Far.

They slowly approached the house, he with a sad, dejected air, and a with a proud, scornful look upon h fair young face that boded no good to the wedding bells and orange flowers. "I cannot imagine my dear," he said mournfully, as they gained the front door, "what has come over you so suddenly. I should at least know my offense. I simply asked you if you were romantic, when — 'A start-led look came over the girl's face. You asked me what?" she demanded "I asked you if you were romantic and "Forgive me, George," she exclaimed with a convulsive sob, a she threw her arms about his neck. "I thought you asked me if I wer rheumatic." -St. Paul Herald.

EDUCATIONAL Indiscriminate Ridicale of College Athletics Carried Too Par-Sow-

ing Seeds of Distrust. Shall Our Girls He Encouraged to Teach-Jects From Many Sources. PUBLIC OPINION.

They are not the best students who are most dependent on books. What can be got out of them is at best only material; a man must build his house for himself .- Geo. MacDonald.

Keep the school-room pleasant, take plenty of exercise and school-teaching ill not interfere with your health Manual labor of any kind is good Walking is excellent. Walking is al-Walking is excellent. Walking is almost a lost art. Most ladies can walk out a short distance before they are exhausted. Exercise should not be ear ried to excess; just enough to keep the system fresh and vigorous. As a rule, students and teachers should devote at least one hour and thirty minutes to exercise. More work can be accomplished in the remaining hours than if the whole time had been spent in study. The teacher is not only re-sponsible for her own health, but for that of her pupils also. - Normal

The People's Health Journal, of Chicago, a new publication, the contents of which show marked ability and intelligent discrimination on the part of its editors, recommends the education of girls, while attending the ordinary schools, in the rearing of children. "It will be of more use to themselves and the world," it declares with much emphasis, "than all the knowledge of the dead or living languages, or anything else taught in the schools."

We have more or less written test work in all studies and in all grades every month. From these, and from e daily oral recitations, pupils may be graded from month to month with sufficient accuracy. The average result of these markings, combined with the result of one thorough, final examination, is thought to secure as nearly a just and perfect system of grading as can well be established. - Supt. L. D. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Chicago Tribune speaks very plainly regarding the policy of co-edu-cation. It is strongly opposed to bring-ing boys and girls together even in village or rural schools, and declares that no good argument can be advanced in support of the policy. "There is no stimulus," it says, "in their competition, except in mischief and intrigue This utterance, from a journal of such great influence, will doubtless provoke much discussion. Some of the most important educational institutions in the West are conducted on the co-educational principle, and have long passed an experimental stage, so that their prosperous existence is at least prima facte evidence that co-education is not

WHO SHALL TEACH?

There has been a deal said and written, at one time and another, as to whether or not women should enter the pulpit. A far more practical question. in my estimation, is, "Shall our girls be encouraged to teach?" This may, in my estimation, is, at arst thought, seem a senseless question, since teaching has been and is the great intellectual field for wemen. And to any girl or woman who enters upon the work with the sincere feeling that it is her vocation, who would not bid her God-speed? But every earnest, high-school teacher must know that very many of our girls think of teaching, only as the most respectable occupation by which to earn a certain salary. Is it not true that dozens of girls choose teaching as a means of support simply and solely because they ashamed to enter into any of the purely manual-labor employments?

And yet is teaching not the most saered calling possible for man or woman, not even excepting the ministry For since the teacher's influence is con. centrated upon youth alone, has not she, after the parents, a paramount influence over the tone and character of the coming generation, and through it of generations yet unborn?

One hears daughters of people in very moderate circumstances, when about to leave the high school and de bating as to a further course of study say: "I don't know that I shall ever teach, but I would like to go to the "I don't know that I shall normal school so as to be prepared to teach if I should ever have to earn m own living." What girls would not have to earn their own living, if girlwere expected to be anything but pendent and purposeless?

So many of our girls are really inde lent-lazy, our grandmothers would rightly have said—that we must first make sure that they really want to work at all, in advising with them about what they are to do after leaving school. Teaching is not play. Our dainty-fingered girls must not be allow ed to think of it merely as a "lady like," genteel employment that will be

comparatively easy.

To insure good teaching, both physical strength and willingness to work hard must be added to that patient love of children that makes it a pleas ure to train and develop their minds l'eachers of the upper grales are con stantly called upon to advise with girls concerning what they shall do afte graduating; and will every conscientious member of the profession not dis courage any idea of entering this great field that is not based upon that decided taste for the work of instruction without which no one can become

successful teacher? A normal school should have for pu pils only those who deeply feel the sa-credness and seriousness of the work for which they are preparing. If one has what our Methodist friends know as "a call" to teach, let her make ev ery effort to fit herself thoroughly for that special department for which she

has the greatest taste or ability.

It is often said that the market is overstocked with teachers. This I do not believe, if one use the word teache in any justifiable sense. I think that there is plenty of room for good teach ers, for men and women who are fitted both by nature and education to train children aright. But we do not need mere salaried workers, who have no more heart or hope in their work than so many machines.—F. D. Bergen, in Journal of Education.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

When athletics degenerated into in-temperate zeal a few years ago the flings and fierce assaults of the pres were not undeserved. But the indis criminate ridicule of college athletics has been carried too far. The attacks and slurs and jokes on men who are athletes as well as students, springing as they may from mere pleasantry or misdirected philanthropic zeal, have had their effect in sowing the seed of distrust in the breasts of parents who would educate their children but fear the examples of failure that have been pictured in the person of the debilitated college athlete. The injustice in mis-

representing the extent as well as the arm resultant from college sports has had its effect in cheapening the prestige of the great educational institutions of the country as well as in preventing many a youth from getting a finished education, because many parents have been brought to believe that any effort would be a failure through the life warping and demoralizing influence of

athletics One of the epochs in the career of young man is when he leaves the privileges and the protection of home to enter upon a college course. He starts out with a purpose to develop his mind, and development of his body should keep pace with his mentality. Excessive work and excessive play are equally dangerous to the body and the ind, and idleness as the twin sister of dissipation should be repudiated at the start, if success is to be achieved. In this primal period of life the question of work, waste, and supply comes a matter of most vital import to the mental and physical organism. The best development of the human

mechanism calls for at least a fair amount of disciplined exercise. So salutary and emphatic has been the good moral tendency of athleticism that a number of prominent university presidents have placed themselves upon record as encouraging sports. fact that players of games and rowers of boats dispose of their superfluous energy in a style that is beneficial and legitimate accounts largely for the rowdyism that were displayed in "cane rush" or "hazing." Thus while leave their impress upon the mental and moral tone of collegians, they

build up the body and blast the storic

that men of muscle do not live as long

as those who neglect ordinary bodily

exercise. The records of sporting circles and the stigma that frequently attaches itself to the semi-inebriated professional have to a certain extent, and mos unjustly, darkened a bright picture with a dingy shadow distasteful and forbidding to all true lovers of sport and athletics. Owing to these con spicuous side-issues and many misrep resentations a number of writers of tertain the idea that a good head and muscular body can not dwell together in harmony. Dr. Morgan, the eminent English authority, in speaking of Ox-ford and Cambridge, says: "If then we view the two universities as one body, and compare generally the academical distinctions gained old oars with those obtained by mer never decorated with the blue of the river, we find that in the number, and still more in the importance of the honors, the rowers have decidedly the advantage, and many of these men did not content themselves with slaking thirst of the early ambition while under the fostering care of their alma mater, but they exhibited in after life the same superiority over their fellows-the same aptitude in working to the front.

Captain John Ostram, an American whose authority in college aquatics is standard, says in the same connection: It is just as impossible for a lazy man to become a great one as it is for him to become a great scholar. It would be the best moral discipline for any under graduate addicted to the many college vices if he could be placed in the shell and kept there until graduation, for so long as he rowed he would

perforce live temperately."

Intemperance in any direction may be fatal. A mind of culture is power less to accomplish its best mission unless it has a sound body to sustain it, and its acme of usefulness is attained when mind and muscle have a healthy ratio of balance. From a long line of testimony the truths of the case are conspicuous, and those who continual ly contribute to the discouragement of college sports are not the friends of the student, and they fail to see the best effects that can be gained from a college course .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sitting Bull's Toothache.

There was nothing to relieve the nonotony of "wild life" in a civilized locality yesterday. The cowboys roamed aimlessly about the inclosure, pitched pennies in the shade of their tents, and struggled hard to pass away the weary moments. Everybody was in good humor except Sitting Bull. The great chief sat alone in his tepee, rocking to and fro, in great pain, and uttering the most dismal groans. Buf-falo Bill visited him about noon, and succeeded, after considerable trouble, n eliciting a few intelligible grunts in Sioux lingo to the effect that warrior was nearly crazy with tooth

Many moons ago, while crunching a buffalo steak, the old chief broke his tooth, and has borne the pain with stolid indifference. A plate of ice-cream made him fairly howl at Belmont Mausion recently during the "Buffaloes" banquet, and yesterday his stock of patience gave way entirely.
"Big Chief wants tooth pulled out,"

said the interpreter to Buffalo Bill. The cowboy dentist was sent for in hurry and soon appeared armed with large pair of pincers, which looked as if they had done duty before, cutting off horseshoe nails. Sitting Bull was off horseshoe naus. Strong soon ready for the operation. He opened his mouth and the dentist tap-"Ugh!" said the chief.

"All right," said the operator. The old fellow's head was thrown back and the pincers took a good hold on his red gums.
"Yow!" said the chief.
"Steady!" said the dentist.

A wrench and a pull followed; the ent was filled with a flourish of brown arms and buckskin-clad legs, turkey

feathers and earrings.

A series of blood-curdling yells floated through the loosely flapping door of skins, and the dentist picked himself up outside in a very badly demoralized condition. alized condition. It was dangerous to go near the old chief's tent until near-ly 6 o'clock, when the tooth, becoming noisy again, brought the Sioux chieftain to terms. The dentist was sen for a second time, and came swearing in full cowboy style. This time th operation was successful and a great three-pronged grinder in the pincers told of muscle not vainly excited. "Yow! Me big chief," said the old

fellow, as he looked at the tusk and spat the gore from his toothless gums. -Philadelphia Press.

Dr. Chibret, a French oculist, reporte to the Acadamie de Medecine, that having been obliged to remove a diseased eye from a young girl, he re-placed it with one taken from a rabbit. At the time of his statement fourteen days had clasped, and the eye had re-tained its vitality, and was doing well.

Mr. John W. Murray, of Sumter county, has a little daughter of 11 years whose head is quite grey.—Ma-son (Ga.) Telegraph. LINCOLN AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Every true word of what Abraham Lincoln did or said or thought has be-come most precious. Much has been said of him that is not true, much has been attributed to him that is wholly imaginary or fictitious or such a mix-ture of truth and fiction that it amounts to fiction if not falsehood. Every sect, party, school and class will, if possible, appropriate every great man or great name, or as much of him or it as may be thought mivantageous. Romanism will by and by claim Victor Hugo, as at the last it did Voltaire. If it can be made to appear that such men at length, in articulo mortis, came to acknowledge the church, it is the greatest of victories for the church. To lesser men such illustrious examples become irresistible good time before they die. To successfully appropriate a great name is to capture the mass of the people. So verybody's sect and society claims Seven cities claimed Homer dead, Where living Homer begged his bread,

But living Lincoln was admired oved, idolized. He was large-hearted. honest-hearted and sincere. He was just; but his justice leaned to the side of mercy. He was a large-souled man. He was not a broad philosophical or ac-curate reasoner. He perceived rather than reasoned; as Webster expressed it: "The clear perception outrunning the deductions of logic." He had not the qualities of a great original pioneer in any special branch of thought or reform. He was a representative man. He knew what the mass of the people thought and felt. He reflected and registered the public conviction and was true to it to a larger degree than any American, if, perhaps, Washing-ton be excepted. In this respect Lin-coln was great. He was a statesman if statesmanship consists in doing practic ally all that public opinion will allow. Mr. Lincoln did not lead public thought, but he honestly, sympathetically, accurately took account of it, represented it, executed it. The power to do this constituted his greatness. But it is not my object to sum up Mr. Lincolu's great qualities, but to give a characteristic anecdote of him which has never appeared in print. I had the happiness to know him personally. The acquaint-ance began in 1858 while his great debate with Douglas was going on, and during the winter of 1861-2 I was in a position to know, before the public knew, much of the secret inside history of the War Office, having had, in part, charge of what are called the "President's Books." I knew something directly, by means of documents that passed through my hands, of his doubts, fears, hopes, struggles, in those most eventful months. I often saw him and heard him talk of national affairs. He was the hardest-worked man in the Republic and bore the fearful burdens of anxiety of the whole people. The anecdote I am about to relate illustrates the candor and honesty of Mr. Lincoln's mind as well as any story of him

The newspapers, in reporting his speech at Charleston, Coles County made him say: "I do not know as the Fugitive Slave Law is in any respect unconstitutional." I wrote him inquiring if the report of his speech in this particular was correct. The following

particular was correct. The following is his letter in reply:

"Spunsofield, Ita., Jan. 15, 1860.

"A. J. Grover, Esq.—My Dear Sire; Yours of the 9th was duly received. In my joint debate with Bouglas, at Freeport, August 27, 1888. I said about all 1 have ever publicly said concerning the Fugitive Slave Law of 1800, and you can find it in print in the report of that debate. I said then, in substance, and have often said, I think Congress has constitutional power to cancer a Fugitive Slave Law; that the law of 1850 appears to me objectionable in some of its provisions; but whether it is unconstitutional in any of its provisions, I do not remember that I have ever undertaken to decide, I should be glad to see you and to talk with you more fully than I can write.

"Yours truly,

A. LANCOLN. At Decatur the next summer afterwards, at the convention which nominated Richard Yates for Governor, 1 met Mr. Lincoln. He invited me meet bim "for a little talk," as he called it, after the adjournment of the convention, which I did. He walked across the space covered by the great tent in which the convention was held. motioning for me to follow, and, seating himself on one of the temporary plank seats, for a half an hour proceed ed to show by a legal argument that the Fugitive Slave Law was not in any respect unconstitutional. I will no attempt to reproduce what he said.

This was a short time after the reue of a fugitive slave at Ottawa, Ill. by John Hossack, James Ste∎t, Major Campbell and others, after Judge John D. Caton, acting as United States Com missioner, had given his decision re manding him to the custody of his al-leged owner, and the rescuers were either in prison or out on bail, waiting their trials. When Mr. Lincoln had finished his argument I said: "Con stitutional or not, I will never obey the Fugitive Slave Law. I would have done as Hossack and Stout and Campbell did at Ottawa. I will never catch and return slaves in obedience to any law or constitution. But I do not be lieve a man's liberty can be taken from him constitutionally without a trial by jury. The fugitive law proposes to do it without even a Judge, through a Commissioner, who under the law bribed by twice as large fees for finding that a man is a fugitive slave as he gets for finding that he is a free man. I believe the law to be not only unconstitutional but most inhuman. A fugistitutional, but this law cannot be "Oh," said Mr. Lincoln, and I shall

never forget his earnestness as he emphasized it by striking his hand on his knee, "it is ungodly! it is ungodly! no doubt it is ungodly! but it is the law of the land, and we must obey it as we find it."

I said: "Mr. Lincoln, how often have you sworn to support the Consti-tution? We propose to nominate you for President. How would you look taking an oath to support what you de-clare is an ungodly Constitution, and asking God to help you?" He felt the force of the question, and, inclining his head forward and running his fingers through his hair several times, seeming to reflect, he then placed his hand up on my knee and said, very earnestly "Grover, it's no use to be always look ing up these hard spots!"
Great, beloved, sincere, martyred

man! He afterwards found many "hard spots" without looking them up. But there shall be a soft spot in the great heart of humanity for him forevermore. -A. J. Grover, in the Current.

A supposed new species of bear has been discovered in Interup, the largest and most inaccessible of the Kurile islands. In general appearance islands. In general appearance the animal is said to resemble the American grizzly.

In a recent balloon ascent, Tissan

dier, the French aeronaut, secured 24 instantaneons photographs of the country between Paris and Rucius.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AH, THERE! What will we do when the good days come?
When the prima donna's lips are dumb;
And the man who reads us his "little things"
Has lost his voice like the gir who sings;
When the still breath of the cornet man,
And the shrilling cords of the quartet clan;
When our neighbors' children have lost their

Oh, what will we do when the good time Oh, what will we do in that good, blithe time, When the tramp will work—oh, thing sub-lime! And the scornful dame who stands on her

And the scornful dame who stands on her feet

Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered scat;
And the man you hire to work by the day
Will allow you to do his work your way;
And the cook who trieth your appetite
Will stend no mere than she thanks is right;
When the looy you hire will call you "Sir,"
Instead of "Say" and "Guverner,"
When the funny man is humorsome—
How can we stand the millennium?
—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.
The comma bacilius will soon cross the main;
He is coming to us from his chateau in Spain.
The comma bac lus will mover know pause.
Theory death at his legs; there is death in
his jaws.
The doctors will gather; they'll meet him in
vain;

The dectors will gather; they it meet vain;

He's coming to us from his chateau in Spain.

—Louisville Courier-Jourual.

She kissed her pug—with haste arose
And rained upon that creature's nose
A storm of osculations sweet.

The dude recitining at her feet
Remarked, as he looked sidewise up:

"I wish that I'd been born a pup."

Then studing coldiy from her throne,
She said: "And were you born full grown?"
—San Francisco Wasp.

"Pa," said Johnny, at Barnum's circus the other day, "if one of those Arabs should fall down and knock all of his teeth out, would he talk gum Arabic?"

To be a yachtman one must own white flannel suit, some brass buttons, a white cap with gold braid and an idea that he owns the earth. It is not necessary to own a yacht. Few of them do. -Boston Post.

Paragraph from a story in Chambers' Journal: ("I may here state for the benefit of the uninitiated that throwing one's hand up is a sign throughout one doesn't intend to America that draw a pistol and shoot")

A little grammar is a dangerous

thing: "Johnny, be a good boy and I will take you to the circus next year. "Take me now, pa; the circus is in the present tents."—Boston Budget.

A Texas Judge fined a man for callsion. The Judge, in explaining to the man's friends, said: "I know that I am a liar, but not while court is in session, gentlemen."—Arkansaw Trav-

There are degrees of excellence even in baked beans. A South End restauand advertises. "Baked Beans, ten cents. Choice Baked Beans, fifteen cents."—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

A Marklesburg mother, having oc easion to reprove her little 7-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received for a reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."—Alloona (Pa.) Tribune

Prof. Proctor says that at least 450, 000 meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year. And yet when a man goes home with a black eye and a damaged tile, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe him. Teacher-"So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic. Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches, and sixteen melons, what will each of you get?" "Choler-er morgus," replied Johnny Fizzletop, who is addicted to that malady.

A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning while dressing for her wedding. She recovered in time for the ceremi ny, and less than six months afterward ber happy husband thought that a similar experience had befallen him when he came softly in at the front door about 3 o'clock one morning. - Somer-

mille Journal. "Don't you think," said Mrs. Keeper, "that when Adam realized the vast-ness of the world into which he had been ushered he must have had a great deal on his mind?" ed Mrs. Blunt, "from the photographs I have seen of him, I should say that whatever he did have on must have

been on his mind. "No, Henry, I have no objections to your going to the lodge, but don't you think the cruelty to animals society would object to feeding that poor goat on whisky and tobacco?

Henry blushes like a girl as he says that he will mention the matter to the most worshipful, puissant regent upon the first opportunity.—Boslon Tran-

"You say your husband has a goo memory, do you, Mrs. Crimsonbeak?"
"O, excellent!" responded the lady addressed. "And how do you know it is so very good?" "Well, I asked him to bring me home a mackerel a week ago, and he brought it home to-day. Now a man must have a pretty good memory to remember a little thing like that for a whole week. - Yonkers States man.

It is impossible for some people to reason from cause to effect. Si Slipshod in giving the Health Inspector slittle of his experience the other day

let himself out thus:
"Now, see here, Mr. Inspector,
know suthin' or other about this 'es cholery. When it was comin' so fast a few years ago, I cleaned up the entire premises an' got all ready fur it; but it didn't come. So I says to my-self, this time, I ain't goin' to fool "Very well, sir," said the Inspector,
"you are a type of more than half of
the fools of the country."—Hartford

"Pat," he called to the man who was eveling down at the far end of the dump-scow, "why don't you bring your father over from Ireland?"

"Can't afford it, your honor."
"But the steamships and railroads are now carrying passengers for nothing, and throwing in a Turkish bath as

premium."
"True, sir, as me old woman wa saying last night; but the stage-fare from the old man's home to the nearest port is a matter of 15 cents, and that's what bothers me and keeps him out of this blessed country."—Wall out of this blessed codntry.'

Mrs. Peterby, an Austin lady, was reading to her little son about the north pole and the Esquimaux. The Esquimaux are not remarkable for neatness or cleanliness, as they neither wash themselves nor their chil

Street News.

dren more than once a year."

'Oh, ma," said Mrs. Peterby's little
boy. "How I wish you was an Esquima and pa was an Esqui-pa! Them's
the kind of parents I need."

The mother wept, not so much on account of the boy's opposition to cleanliness, as on account of a dire fereboding that the Esqui-boy, so to speak might grow up to be. speak, might grow up to be a great American statesman like Sunset Cox.

Texas Stitings.
The banking capital of the United States is estimated at \$738,000,000.

A FRIENDLY REVENGE.

Yes, revenge was my motive. I acted in obedience to that noble instinct of retaliation which helps to distinguish our species from the mals. The offense of my friend Hornbeam was one of those smiling little social foil-thrusts, which must be resented courteously if they be resented

So I gave him a pair of young king fishers. I must explain here that Hornbeam is an amateur student of natural history, and that birds are his specialty. Every feathered creature, from r chick to a condor, he loves to infatua

Now, while the kinglisher species is common everywhere in this wild state, domestic kinglisher is truly a rara avis in terra. It had been by mere chance that I had secured the pair which I presented to my friend, and he received them with an effusive delight which I am sure was not simulated. As soon as the two aquatic beauties

he purchased for them a magnificent cage, the epitome of all modern orni-thological conveniences. Shy and sullen, though by no means silent, the birds quickly made it under-

arrived at Hornbeam's country villa

stood that their solace after all was but a prison, and that they were very unhappy in it. They began to droop and pine. "Liberty!" the kind-hearted Horn

beam cried-"liberty for all, especially the fowls of the air. There was a spare room under the roof of the villa. This was cleared of furniture, the floor was gravelled, and the room transformed into a model aviary. The kinglishers were turned loose in it; but, instead of rejoicing in their comparative freedom, they sulked

more than ever.
"What can they want?" Hornbeam asked, with great solicitude, when I called to see how the pets were getting on. "I have done everything I can think of for their comfort, and yet it appears that something or other is

lacking." "Water, perhaps," I suggested.
"Water!" he echoed, disclaim "Water!" be echoed, disdainfully. "Way, you don't suppo e. after all my experience with birds, I would neglect their water, do you? They have more

their water, do your they than they can drink, twice a day," than they can drink, twice a day," I replied, affecting a tone of friendly coun-sel; "but that is not enough. Remember that in their natural state of freedom these creatures haunt the lakes and streams.

Hornbeam was silent for a moment. "You are right," he finally said, in a troubled tone. Then, after an interval of deep abstraction, he suddenly brightened up, and cried: "I have it! My bath-room is directly under the chamber they occupy. I'll establish a

communication. The next day that part of the house was surrendered to workmen. The floor was torn up and the ceiling of the bath-room cut through, so that the kingfishers might be free to descend and disport themselves on the slashy brink of the buth-tub, which was ordered to be kept always full of frush water for their accommodation.

Hornbeam watched with eagernoss the result of his novel though somewhat costly device. But even before he had finished looking over the bilis of the carpenters, masons, painters, plumbers, and upholsterers, relative to the "job," it became evident that the work had been done in vain. The birds perched morosely in the corner. as though afraid they might possibly tumble down into the water and be drowned.

ddenly it occurred to my friend that the pool in his bath-tub was of mirror-like serenity, whereas the kingfishers, it was more than likely. had been accustomed to running water. No doubt a gushing. sparkling stream

Hornbeam did not hesitate. He called back the mechanics. The whole of the plumbing would have to be altered, and a special contract would company. The financial outlay would be considerable; but the stream of running water would be a triumphant reality, and the poor birds would at last

he happy.

Alasi they were not.

Their unhappy master—I should rather say slave—whose devotion to them increased in direct ratio with the trouble they cost him, began to de-spatr. He poured into my sympathetic ear the whole history of his unsuccess-ful efforts to provide a pleasant home for the precious birds I had given him, and besought my advice.
"My dear Hornbeam," I responded,

with Mephistophelian suavity, "your error seems to be in supposing the kinglishers love water for its own sake.

"What do you mean?" "I mean that what they really care for is the fish that are in it. Put some fish in your running water, and I think you will find that your birds will be as content with their surroundings as the fish in their own natural elements." "I'll do it!" the enthusiastic Hornbeam cried. "I'll stock that bath-tub

with live fish, and the kingfishers can amuse themselves diving for them." Two weeks later Hornbeam found the expense of procuring the daily supply of live fish so enormous that he letermined to catch them himself. Of course, an angler's outfit must be pur-A boat, also, would be necessary, and a man to row it, for the seine-drawing would be no holiday

He bought a steam launch. There were days when the fish were shy, and then the task of the provider was a very hard one indeed. On other days the haul would be so large that s place to store the superfluous fish became a necessity. An artificial pond, and a large reservoir to feed it,

were accordingly constructed just back of Hornbeam villa. An army of Italian laborers are now at work digging a system of canals to extend over the entire grounds. All the trees have been cut down, and contracts are out for a series of hydraulic works on a vast scale and representing a moderate fortune.

The two kingfishers are doing as

well as could be expected. Sometimes, lately, I have had a feeling akin to remorse for my act of friendly revenge, and I have begun to speculate as to whether or not the birds will die of overfeeding in time to save Hornbeam from ruin.

Trial trips at Nice with the submarine boat of the naturalist Toseli have ndicated that the vessel will render valuable service to science. It can penetrate to a depth of about 800 feet, and its powerful electric lamps make easy a minute inspection of the sea. rur made from leatners is a product

of recent years. In many respects it is equal or even superior to genuine fur. The material is used for the borders of ladies' cloaks, dresses, etc., and even seaiskin cloaks have been successfully imitated with it.